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AGRICULTURE.

FARMERS' SONS.

The sons of farmers commonly think their lot is a hard one. Unlike most city youths they are compelled to perform daily toil. Their life is not one of constant amusement. They cannot see and hear as much as their city cousins. They do not dress in as fine clothes—cannot treat and be treated at the popular saloons or visit the costly gambling resorts which abound in every city. They feel that their lot is indeed a hard one, and the highest ambition of many of them is, to arrive at that age when they can go to the city and see "all the sights."

But let us talk to our farmers' boys. You are in the right place. You are learning habits of industry and frugality. By your daily toil you are acquiring a sound constitution—a most important matter. And this is one of the reasons that our great men have all come from farmers' sons. They have grown up robust, with constitutions that could endure a great amount of mental labor, which youths from the city, with weak and feeble frames could not stand.

If you cannot see as much as city youths, neither are you exposed to the vices and temptations of city life which prove the destruction of nearly all raised in a city. You are then on the right track—go ahead. Resolve to form no bad habits. Indulge in no intoxicating drinks. If you form a love for them, it is almost impossible to subdue it. Do not acquire the habit of chewing or smoking tobacco, or taking snuff. Read good books; let no opportunity for improvement pass away neglected, and you will grow up useful, intelligent men.

[Written for Colman's Rural World.]

The Breeding of Farm Stock.

As the season has arrived in which breeding the various stock of the farm comes more immediately under consideration, particularly the horse and cow, there are some particulars of sufficient importance to justify our calling especial and frequent attention to them. There has been marked improvement in all the stock of the farm during the last few years; and, since the desire for improvement has become so marked, so has the results of improving been to a great extent unsatisfactory, and in many instances injustice has been unwittingly done to fine stock of all kinds. For instance, a farmer has a fine young mare on which he sets great value; it is to be her first colt; he wishes to get her to a high class stallion, but there is not one in his immediate neighborhood, or it costs a sum that the farmer regards as too high a figure, and he will put her this time to a much cheaper and more common horse or one more convenient, or perhaps it is a jack that meets his condition at the time.

Well it is only a first colt—by another season he may be in better "fix" to get a good horse. He gets the colt, and it is perhaps much better than he expected, be it horse or mule; he feels proud of the breeding qualities of his young mare and next time does make an

effort; puts himself to considerable inconvenience and expense; gets a fine, pure stallion to her, and has the prospect of a valuable foal; but it falls far short of his expectations; it has many bad points not traceable to either sire or dam, and when critically compared with the former cheap, common foal, bears no just proportion to his trouble and expense; he thinks himself "taken in" and gets "down" on the "thorough-bred," high priced sires, and goes back to the old fashioned mode of just taking whatever comes handy. Now, the farmer is "taken in," but let us see where. Is it in the case of the first sire or the second? In the first, without a doubt.

An invaluable essay will be found in the report of the Agricultural Department for 1862, pp. 222-242, upon the "Physiology of Breeding," by S. L. Goodale, Secretary of the Maine Board of Agriculture, that ought to be re-printed by every agricultural journal in the United States, and read and re-read by every farmer and stock raiser. In this article, Mr. Goodale gives the opinions and experience of many of the most eminent physiologists and breeders, among them Mr. James McGillivray, of Huntly, gives an opinion which is as true as it is important, that, "when a pure animal of any breed has been pregnant to an animal of a different breed, such pregnant animal is a cross for ever after, the purity of her blood being lost in consequence of her connection with a foreign animal, herself becoming a cross forever, incapable of producing a pure calf (or colt as the case may be) of any breed." And, Dr. Harvey believes, "that while as all allow, a portion of the mother's blood is continually passing by absorption and assimilation into the body of the foetus in order to its nutrition and development, a portion of the blood of the foetus is as constantly passing in like manner into the body of the mother; that, as this commingles there with the general mass of the mother's own blood, it inoculates her system with the constitutional qualities of the foetus; and, that, as these qualities are in part derived to the foetus from the male progenitor, the peculiarities of the latter are thereby so ingrafted on the system of the female as to be communicable by her to any offspring she may subsequently have by other males." In these views we have the secret of unnumbered disappointments arising from conspicuous features being exhibited by the offspring, that were not traceable in either the sire or dam; and thus it is that the first sire of mare, cow, ewe or sow, ought to be so carefully selected, because the character of that first sire is indelibly fixed on all her offspring. The indiscriminate use of a horse or ass as a sire cannot be too severely reprobated. So now we see that it was in the first sire the farmer was taken in. In regard to the Quagga referred to in the essay quoted from, the writer was familiar with the animal from his earliest recollection.

The science of Physiology has demonstrated another point in breeding of equal importance to the farmer with the former, viz: That the sex of the offspring is determined by the condition, of the mother at the moment of fecunda-

tion, and can be taken advantage of by the breeder to secure male or female offspring at will. See *Valley Farmer* for August, 1864, pp. 236-7, in a valuable article on "Breeding—The Sexes," by Prof. G. C. Swallow, in which he gives the observations and experiments of Prof. Thury and Mr. Cornax, from which we quote two sections of the summary and the application. "First, Sex depends on the degree of maturation of the ovum at the moment of its fecundation.

Second, The ovum which has not attained a certain degree of maturation, if it be fecundated, produces a female; when this degree of maturation is passed, the ovum, if fecundated, produces a male." The remaining five sections of the summaries are illustrative of these two. "In the applications to mares, cows and ewes, which run out there should not be much uncertainty, when but one young is produced. If the rutting season be carefully observed and the male be presented at the beginning, only females may be expected; if at the close, or near the termination of the season, only males should be the result." Here we have two sets of facts which will appeal to the experience of every observant breeder for corroboration, which will render perfectly plain much that has hitherto been regarded as "chance" or "mystery," and which in their practical application are invaluable.

First, The quality of all future offspring depends upon the quality of the first sire.

Second, The sex depends on the early or late use of the male in the progress of the female through the rutting season; early or immature ovum becoming females, late or mature ovum becoming males.

This is but the scientific explanation of the many "ancient sayings" upon this subject handed down to us by "tradition."

We are testing their correctness, and urge all to prove them and give us carefully detailed experiments and actual results. AGRICOLA.

[Written for Colman's Rural World.]

CRUSHING CLOUDS.

This is a bad business—bad because it is necessitated. Any man who has lumps to crush, has made a mistake. There may be slight exceptions to this in severe drouth; but, on the whole, lumps have no business on a farm. A rich soil properly and timely tilled, will never be lumpy. We, therefore, always look with suspicion upon the man who cultivates lumps.

"But, you may crush them." Ay! crush them? You can never crush them. You can reduce the large clods to smaller ones; but they are still clods, little brick-bats, and are worth about as much as sand to your crop—hardly as much, as sand will warm your soil (where that is necessary)—whereas lumps are so much absolutely dead matter on your land—so much foreign or intruding matter, which small stones and sand are not.

Plow wet, ordinary or poor soil, and you are pretty sure of "hubs." The harrow will rattle them nicely along for you—and it will do this not only one year, but several at the least—and

if the wet plowing is continued, your soil will be pretty well spoiled. Only deep plowing, the action of manure, and the effect of frost—all in the absence of further wet plowing—will restore your soil—and then it will take years.

It is one of the most painful things in farming to see a man crushing clods. We will have no clod-crusher on our farm. Rather let your land lie unturmed, than work wet, or when hard and cracked after a long drouth—which, however is preferable to wet plowing. We do not half enough consider this matter.

Not only plowing, but harrowing and cultivating are open to the same objection—but not to the same extent as plowing. Some soils are more readily drained than others. These are also less influenced by wet cultivation. Clay is the objectionable soil. A lumpy soil will not produce, and is a loss to a man greater than he imagines. F.G.

TANNING SMALL SKINS.

If green, sprinkle the flesh side with saltpetre and alum, (ground fine;) then fold the flesh sides together; roll it up, tie it, and lay it away one or two days. Then unfold and rub with paper or something, as dry as possible, and lay them out to dry. Work and pull them when most dry, so they will dry soft. Dry skins may be treated in the same way, by first soaking till soft, and wringing out as dry as possible. I can make such leather as the sample I send you from sheepskin, by the following process, which is also good for furs and small skins:—First, trim the skins of all useless parts; second, soak till perfectly soft, and flesh them well; third, wash thoroughly in a suds of soap and sal-soda to free from grease, and rinse in clean water to free from soap and soda, then rub them as dry as possible; fourth, dissolve two ounces of salt in about a quart of water and add three quarts of sweet milk (or four quarts of bran water) and one ounce best sulphuric acid; fifth, put in the skins and stir briskly forty or fifty minutes, and take them dripping from this and put them in a strong solution of sal soda and stir as long as it foams. Rub them from this as dry as possible, and hang in a cool place to dry; work them when nearly dry and they will dry soft. Lime and ashes will take off fur, hair or wool, and sour milk will take out the lime and ashes. The black fur was tanned by the first process, with saltpetre and alum. [Cor. Rural New-Yorker.

SNOW-DRIFTS ON WINTER GRAIN.—Snow drifts will rot grain, and hurt grass. The seeding of the season before will share the same fate that grain does. Fences should be put down where that is practicable. In the case of board-fence, simply a board or two will be sufficient. This is practiced in those States where snow is much disposed to drift. Where snow is apt to remain long in heaps, winter grain should not be sown—at least early enough to form an advanced growth. Sometimes it will happen that in the early part of winter, grain will be lifted by the frost. If then the snow drifts upon it—that is the end of the grain, it will be swept clean. The frost and the rot combined are too much. If the grain is sowed late, so as simply to get rooting, the evil will be less—and we have known it entirely avoided. But late, heavy drifts, will destroy almost any vegetation—tough, noxious weeds alone excepted.

Some fields are so situated that drifts occupy them largely—winter grain has no business here. Clover had better also be excluded if possible. The grasses are more hardy. Such fields should be given to grasses and spring grain. F.G.

CULTURE OF BROOM CORN.

Broom corn can be raised on any good corn land, but good land in fine tilth, free from weeds, particularly the grasses, is desirable; hence, you will notice the necessity of getting as early a start as possible, to get ahead of the weeds if you expect success. Now, how shall you accomplish this? I assume as a general rule that seed require a fineness of tilth in proportion to its size; not but what potatoes will grow in land finely pulverized, but the smaller seeds demand a finer state of cultivation than the potato to insure success.

After danger from the frost has passed, and the land is neither too wet or too dry, (avoid the too wet,) I propose to plow deep, leaving the surface as smooth as possible; if the plow does not leave it sufficiently smooth, I insist upon making it so with the harrow and roller, if necessary. And this last is indispensable where the ground is lumpy or comby, so as to let in the air and dry the soil near the seed, or plant after it is started. Land plowed earlier in the season, or fall plowed if free from weeds, is better than fresh plowed land, particularly the fall plowed, for the reason that the action of the frost has pulverized the soil more perfectly than ordinary work will do it. But while I admit this, you must not lose sight of the importance of getting the broom corn out of the ground ahead of the weeds and keeping it ahead of the weeds, if you expect success.

I usually plant with my grain seed drill, by using but two of the teeth, and mixing some dirt, or bad seed, with the good seed. I design to have the rows straight and about three feet and three inches apart; from three to four feet is admissible. I can't tell you just how deep to plant. It must not be too deep, or too shallow, that it will dry out; here you will see the necessity of the fine tilth. It may be planted with a hoe in hills, or with some of the fine machinery advertised in your columns. More brush can be raised in drills, than in hills; but it will be less work to raise it in the hills. Whichever course is pursued, get a good stand and thin out at proper times.

Another general rule, is to keep the ground well stirred around the plant, and the smaller the plant, the more necessary to adhere to the rule; and still more necessary, where your plant looks like the grassy weeds. If the grass gets ahead of the broom corn, it is more work than it is worth to get it out. I usually stir the ground with the hoe, by walking backwards and scraping the ground, about the width of the hoe, upon each side of the row; this should be done, as soon as practicable after it appears above the ground and I usually thin it out at this time. On good, strong soil, in drills, one stalk in four to six inches is right; on weaker soils, a greater distance apart, and in hills a little less in proportion. The number of plants in a hill is to be governed, somewhat, by the distance apart, but not more than eight in a hill is admissible under any circumstances. After carrying out the foregoing suggestions, I assume you will be ahead of the weeds, and then the after cultivation will be about the same as corn. —[Cor. Prairie Farmer.]

EGGS OF THE BEE MOTH.—The eggs of the bee moth are entirely round and very small. In the oviducts they are ranged together somewhat in the form of a rosary. They are not developed successively like those of the queen-bee, but are found fully formed in the ducts a few days after the moth emerges from the cocoon. The female deposits them in small parcels or clusters on the combs. If any one wishes to witness the discharge of eggs, he need only seize by the head a female two or three days old, holding it between his finger and thumb. She will instantly protrude her ovipositor, and the eggs may be seen passing along the semi-transparent duct. That the moth does not deposit her eggs in the pollen of flowers, as some imagine, but on the combs in the hive, is very certain. I have repeatedly found little clusters of eggs on combs which I removed out of the hives. —[Dr. Donhoff.]

A BEE-MOTH TRAP.—It is simply a box, with a moveable top and frames which hold pieces of comb, convenient to remove for examination and destruction of the moth, which enters through holes and deposits its eggs in the comb. This box is placed by the side of the hive, and forms a perfect hiding place for the moths, where the bees do not molest them, and where they can be destroyed. The theory is that the moth will not attempt to enter the hive while it can find a better place in the box.

Tons and tons of horse-chestnuts go to waste in the neighborhood of Boston every year, and yet they are a most valuable fruit. In Turkey these nuts are mixed with horse feed (from whence their name,) and are considered good for broken-winded animals. On the Rhine, horse-chestnuts are used for fattening cattle and for feeding milch cows, and 100 pounds of dried nuts are estimated to be equal in nutritive value to 150 pounds of average hay. Another authority makes them equal weight for weight, to oatmeal. These nuts contain a good deal of starch; and excellent edible arrow-root and macaroni are made from them in France. The bitter principle is soluble in cold water, and is easily removed by grinding and washing.

HOW TO PREPARE TRIPE.

The paunch of a beast is generally thrown away. Now, if people knew that this is the greatest delicacy in the whole beef, they would overlook the little trouble it gives them to prepare it. Do they know that tripe (prepared paunch) digests in one hour, and that it is rich in nutritive substance? Do they further know that it is one of the most relishable things? Of course it must be prepared properly. Here is Solon Robinson's receipt—good authority:

"Cut as small an opening into the paunch as possible through which to empty the contents. Do this with care, so as not to smear the outside, and carefully wash off any substance that may adhere. Then let one man thrust his arm into the opening and seize the bottom firmly, while another turns the sac inside out. Now sew up the slit that was cut, firmly, with strong twine. The sac is now to be washed in cold water, and then either covered with whitewash just as you would cover a sheepskin to loosen the wool, or else placed in a tub of strong alkali made of lime, or wood ashes or potash, and kept there until the woolly coating is loosened so that it can easily be scraped off with a knife. As soon as this is the case, give the sac another thorough washing to cleanse it of the lime, and then it is ready to be cut up for scraping. Cut it in long strips, about five or six inches wide; lay one of these upon a table or board before you, fastened at one end with a couple of tacks, and scrape with a dull knife until quite free of the adhering coat. Then wash and put the tripe to soak in weak brine for twenty-four hours or longer. Then wash again and it is ready for boiling. It should be boiled until it is quite tender, when it may be pickled or put away to be eaten fresh after re-cooking by stewing, frying or broiling; and there certainly is no part of a beef that affords richer or more palatable food; it is through the sin of ignorance that it is so often wasted."

SORGHUM FOR CATTLE.

The experience of your correspondent T. V. P., of Mt. Carmel, Ohio, is similar to that of mine. I have no doubt that it will yield about twice as much as common cornstalks—both being cultivated in the best manner, that is, in thick and plowed drills. More care is needed not to cover the sorghum seed too deep, as it is smaller than common corn. Forty-one tons per acre, mentioned as the crop in France, could probably be reached under the very best management on common good soils, and with good treatment it would probably be about half as much. Your correspondent says he don't know how much it would lose by drying. The less it is dried the better. When the full-grown stalks are cut green from the field, cattle eat it with great avidity—it is sugar candy to them. The only trouble is that it tends to give them a distaste for less sweet food. The remedy is to give them all the sorghum they want. It should be cut up at its best state, or just as the seeds begin to form, and before they ripen. It may be put in large shocks, and being so straight and smooth, is protected much better from the weather than common cornstalks. It gradually loses its juice towards winter, and becomes harder and more woody; it must then be cut up with horse power about the fourth of an inch long, and being quite sweet, the cattle will eat it then as freely as ever. Care must be taken not to place the cut food in too large heaps, or it will mould or ferment. —[Correspondence Country Gentleman.]

AGES OF SHEEP TOLD BY THEIR TEETH.—A sheep has eight front teeth, and when one year old they shed the two middle teeth, and within six months from the time of shedding, their places are filled with two wider than the first; at two years the next two are shed, and in six months their places are filled with two wide teeth; at three years the two third teeth from the centre are shed and their places filled with two wide teeth, and at four years the corner teeth are shed, and by the time the sheep is five years old the teeth will have grown out even, and it will have a full mouth of teeth; after that the teeth will begin to grow round and long, and at nine or ten they begin to shed, and then is the time to fatten them for the butcher, and let the young sheep take their place.

JOSH BILLINGS ON HORSES.—Pedigree is not important for a fast trotting horse; if he can trot fast, never mind the pedigree. There is a great many fast men even who ain't got a pedigree. There ain't much art in drivin' a trottin' horse; jest hold them back hard, & holler them ahead hard that's awl. A horse ul trot the fastest down hill espechili if the brichin brakes. Kuller is no kriterion. I have seen awful mean kullers, except green; I never see a mean one of this kuller. Hosses liv tew an honorable old age, and I often see them that appeared fully prepared for death. Heathens are all us kind tew hosses; it iz among Christian people that a hoss has to trot three miles heats in a hot day, for 25,000 dollars of counterfeit munney.

FROM ILLINOIS.

ED. RURAL WORLD: I have had news to report to you about our strawberries. About a week ago we had a frost which killed a part of them; but since then, things look worse, and all of three-fourths are gone—perhaps seven-eighths—which is bad business. Many of those not killed, will be knotty and small, so that the fruit will be poor. However, there are some few places where the frost was not so bad—but these places are small, such as alongside of woods and sheltered by hills and the like, not amounting to much.

The peaches are hurt some, but not badly. Apples seem all safe. Currants were nipped some—gooseberries not any, and are now big enough to cook.

People are planting corn, and getting ready to plant out cotton, but not so much as they expected, as the price has gone down.

Dongola, Ill.

R.M.

NIGHT SOIL ON LAND.

People often complain when they use night-soil on their lands. They say there is no crop; the land seems poisoned. A writer in the *Country Gentleman* has a case on hand, of a strip running through his lot of three acres, which he manured with "night-soil, hen-dung, plaster, loam and saw-dust," and which proved a total failure.

The case is plain; it is the night-soil and the saw-dust that did it in the case of this correspondent. We all know that urine, or excrements, freshly voided, are destructive to vegetation when they come in contact with it. So it is when they are put into the soil. When left there till decomposed, they make the best of manure.

We know that salt, when put into the ground is injurious at first, killing weeds, worms; everything it comes in contact with. Yet, after awhile, when decomposition has taken place, it acts as a manure. So with saw-dust. Saw-dust gathers an acid which is destructive to vegetation, and is good only when rotten or decomposed; and then it contains but little fertilizing matter. Saw-dust, until thoroughly decomposed, should be excluded from the farm.

Urine, or fresh excrements, should never be applied to the soil till thoroughly decomposed. For this purpose they should be put into the compost heap, as well as salt, lime, muck, and all undecomposed manure matter. In the soil they are hurtful, for at least a year. During this time they are better in the compost heap, where they do no harm, but prepare themselves for a great deal of good.

We have known people use the rotten contents of privies with immediate benefit. In such case the application should be in the liquid form. There are few things, known in the science of farming, that are better. But beware of the fresh article. Especially do not manure your corn in the hill with it. Let it first be rotten.

The upper contents of the privy are sometimes used at the roots of grape vines. When buried deep, they will injure the grape—and they will do it for years, for then the mass will remain undecomposed.

All, all ingredients should be rotted before they are put into the soil.

SOAP SUDS.—A writer in the *Germania* (Pa.) *Telegraph*, says:—The value of this article as a stimulant of vegetable life cannot be too highly appreciated. It contains the aliment of plants in a state of ready solution, and when applied, acts not only with immediate and obvious effect, but with a sustained energy which pertains to few even of the most concentrated manures. When it is not convenient to apply it in irrigation—the most economical method, perhaps, of using it—it should be absorbed by some material which may be used as an ingredient in the compost heap. Soda, muck, and other similar articles, should be deposited where the suds from the sink and laundry may find its way to them, and be absorbed, for the benefit of crops. In this way several loads of manure, suitable for the support and sustenance of any crop, may be made at comparatively small expense. The highly putrescent character of this fermentable liquid quality it admirably for the irrigation of compost heaps of whatever material composed. Being a potent fertilizer, it must, of necessity, impart additional richness to almost any material to which it may be added. Try it, and mark the results.



EGG HUSBANDRY.

"Is it safe to go into the poultry business?" This is a question we are often asked. We always answer, "Yes, if you manage right!"

We have seen numerous cases where people have failed, and have cursed the business; but it has always been where the business has been managed just as it ought not to have been—in fact, not managed at all—the hens left to themselves. In some cases the most wretched management has been given the hens. It is just like farming and every other business—all in the management.

Hens, left to themselves in summer will lay. Why? Because the requisites of laying are there—that is, they are free, and therefore undisturbed—have enough to eat, and of the right kind—and are comfortable. You will hear such a hen tra-la-la it. The food is vegetable and animal—two requisites. The vegetable is grass, grain, &c.; the animal is the bugs and insects generally which are found on a farm—especially grasshoppers. You will at once see how beneficial it is to give hens the run of the farm. Innumerable bugs and vermin of all kinds are thus destroyed every year. The hens are a great benefit to the farmer—greater than he has any idea of—for few people observe the thing. They never ascertain how much heavier their grass is, and their grain crop, on account of the loss of grasshoppers and other insects that are known to hurt more or less these crops. They never think about these things—much less do they carefully estimate.

Now, we are not advocates of letting hens run at large. We have only noted the benefit that is derived from it. We have said nothing of the grain they destroy when harvest comes; and the mischief they do otherwise. We have only indicated what is a condition of success. We will, therefore, go further with this condition, and apply it the year round—for THAT is the success.

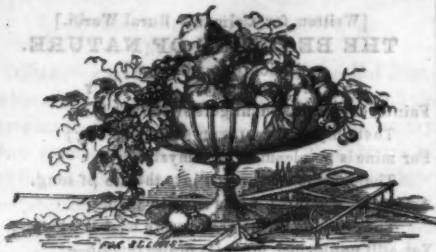
"What" making summer in winter for the hen." You must do this, or you will not succeed, or only partially, in the degree that you apply it.

We have italicized all the points. These points are principles—and they must be adhered to. Transfer summer into your hen-house—that is, have room enough, so that there is no crowding—no hurting each other; have your room warm—that is an indispensable point; have it clean—have feed enough. A variety of food is as good as any way, and perhaps better—certainly as good; corn, oats, buckwheat and other grains, are generally used; but some flesh or animal food must be given—and, some vegetables. The universal testimony is, that cabbage is the best. As it will increase a cow's milk; so it will make a hen lay the more.

We have thus indicated the main things.—There is always more or less variety in getting up hen-houses; few build just alike. A man must be his own judge, knowing the principles. A little variety, in fact, is indulged in, in most every thing. The main points only should be strictly kept in view. As to breeds, we have indicated in other articles, what are the best layers. The Spaniards generally take the palm. Get the best breeds you can for laying—for it is the eggs that are most profitable in keeping hens. If these rules are not to be observed, do not go into the poultry business.

THE FARMER'S WASTE BAG.—Has each farmer a compost heap where to throw all the refuse matter of the dung-yard and kitchen? All this valuable "waste" goes down waste. Instead of fouling the premises by leaving it scattered round—a perfect stench at the door of some kitchens—it should be thrown a little further, into the heap of soil and refuse matter, kept for that purpose—for soil should now and then be thrown in with it. This will make your premises clean and profitable.

MILKING.—One steady hand that will do it quick and easy, should always milk. It should be done at regular hours, and care should be taken to do it clean.



HORTICULTURAL.

Summer Culture of the Grape.

The following discussion was had at one of the meetings of the Northern Ohio Grape Growers' Association.

"Dr. Elliott said, taking this as the first year, the vines having just been planted, he should work mostly with the cultivator, hoeing lightly around the vines, and keeping the ground clean during the entire season. Late in the fall, he would plow all the ground, except say two feet, directly next the vine; in other words, he would plow all the center space between the rows, one object being to facilitate spring work, and another, drawing the surface water away from the vines, during winter, the plowed ground acting as a drain. The second year, he would work the whole ground, even close to the vines, early in the spring, some four inches deep, and continue so to do, until about August, after which he would 'lie by.' Third, and after years, the same as the second.

Mr. Porter said his experience had been mostly on a side hill, where he could not plow; he had therefore worked his ground with pronged hoes, turning it about three inches deep. If he could, he would use the plow, and plow about four inches deep; this was with vines four or more years old; he believed in cultivating deep and thorough, as, in dry times, it increases moisture, and renders the soil, at all times, of a more even character.

Capt. Stewart said, that, the first year, he would cultivate with hoe and cultivator; the second year, he would plow, in the center, as deep as possible, in order to induce the roots to go down. Around the vines, he would use a digging fork or pronged hoe, digging three or four inches deep. The third year, after taking off all the head roots, he would work the ground six inches deep, near the plants, and as deep as possible in the center of the rows. After August, he would not work the ground at all, until the fruit was gathered; then he would clean out all weeds, and leave it for spring; he preferred cleaning in the fall to waiting until spring.

Mr. Porter would clean out in the fall, so far as all surface cleaning of the vineyard, but he would prefer not to plow deep through it.

Capt. Stewart would dig under all growth of weeds, etc., in the fall. In the spring, if he could not work his vineyard early, before the buds started, he would leave it until the grapes were as large as No. 1 shot, or thoroughly set.

Mr. Brayton, of Painesville, has some eighty or a hundred vines or more, on a light, porous soil, and preferred not to break the ground with the plow, as he believed that the grape fed mostly at three feet or more from the stem of the vine, and this breaking of the young rootlets, or feeding roots, he thought injurious.

Capt. Stewart thought if the grapes were down where he would have them, that plowing would not reach them. He wanted deep soil and culture.

Mr. Elliott and Mr. Brayton both advocated a good depth of soil, but doubted the policy of compelling the grape to procure its support below a point acted upon by light atmosphere.

Mr. Ford would plow three to four inches deep, in the center of rows, very shallow near the vines. He had practiced this course for one, two and three years, and with such cultivation, his vines grow strongest on the clay soil, but fruited earliest on the sand.

Mr. Porter said Dr. Messenger's vigneron keeps the plow going in the vineyard all summer.

Brayton. Spare the birds in your orchards and gardens; they are your best friends, they pay their rent—not only in music, and in the delight which they afford the eye and the heart, but also in the destruction of myriads of rapacious insects. As further protection against the predatory insects, hang up a number of wide-mouthed bottles, half-filled with molasses water, in your trees—you will catch a great number.

How to Plant Grape Vines.

When a number of vines are to be planted, it is best to dig the holes before the vines are taken into the field; and when they are taken from the place where they have been beeled-in, their roots should be kept in a box or basket filled with damp moss, or protected in some manner from the air and sun. The vines should also be pruned before they are taken into the field. Prune the roots, as has already been directed, and cut off the stems to about eighteen inches. The holes to receive the vines should be dug in a circular form, and from six to ten inches deep upon the outside, and four to six inches in the center; then set a good strong stake in the center of the hole, for unless the stake is placed in position before the vine is planted, there is great danger of injuring some of the roots of the vine in driving it down by its side after it is in position. Now set the vine in the center of the hole close by the stake, spread out the roots in every direction, and then throw on a little soil as you proceed, to hold them in position. When all the roots are properly distributed, then fill up the holes, pressing down the soil with the foot—the weight of a man will not be too much pressure to give the soil over the roots. It requires two men to work to advantage in planting, one to place the vine in position and spread out the roots, and another to put on the earth. The roots should always descend a little from the stem to their furthest point, and in pressing down the soil upon them, it should be given the same pressure, as near as may be, along their whole length. If the vines are planted in the fall, then a small mound of earth should be made around the stem, so as to protect two or three buds above those that would be covered if the ground was made level. But when the vines are planted in the spring, the hole need not be filled quite full, but a shallow basin may be left about the stem so that the rains shall more readily reach the roots. This basin around the vine can be filled when the vine gets well started in growth.

After Management.—When the buds begin to push into growth, select the strongest and rub the others off; a bud near the ground is preferable to one that is a foot above, and this is one reason why the vines should be cut off quite short when planted, as it makes the lower buds more sure to push. After the one bud or shoot has been selected, the old stem above it may be cut off to within two inches of the young shoot. As the young cane grows, keep it tied to the stake, but do not tie it so tightly as to interfere with its expansion as it grows. Keep the laterals stopped according to the direction already given. Stir the soil about the plants, the oftener the better, and keep down all weeds.

Bass is an excellent material for tying the vines, as it is not liable to injure the tender shoots; besides, it usually costs less than common twine.

When any particular vine, or a number of them, do not grow as rapidly as desired, they should receive some extra stimulant, either liquid manure from the barnyard, or a solution of some of the concentrated manures in water, giving enough to completely saturate the soil to their roots. When it is not convenient to apply stimulants in a liquid form, a barrow load of compost may be spread upon the surface about the vine. We should endeavor to produce a uniform growth, so that all the vines in each row, at least, shall be as nearly of the same size as possible.

The vines, at the end of the first season, will usually be large enough to be pruned for training, but many of the more feeble growing varieties will require another year, and they should be cut back in the fall or winter to two or three buds, only one of which should be allowed to grow, as in the first year.—[Fuller, on the Vine]

ABOUT GRAFTING.

Every farmer should learn to do his own grafting. It is a very easy operation when once understood. A sharp penknife and a good fine saw are indispensable. Splitting the stock so that the bark shall not be bruised—and shaping the scion wedge-fashion both ways, preserving also the bark uninjured—and placing the rim of the wood of both stock and scion exactly together, so that the sap can intermingle—there is no danger of failure, if properly waxed. We make a shoulder to the graft, and think it adds to the certainty of success, though probably weakens it. We prefer also two eyes or buds to a graft, and would rather have only one than more than two. One year's wood should always be used when it can be obtained, as it is more certain to take and grows more vigorously.

We wish to remind those about preparing grafting wax, that we have found five parts of rosin, one part of beeswax, and one part of tallow, to be the best proportions. Melt them together in a skillet, (which is the best,) or a tin cup, and mix well. It should remain in the vessel and be used as needed. Twenty or thirty scions can be waxed with one heating up. When much grafting is to be done, a fire for heating the wax should be made on the spot, between two bricks or stones.—[Ger. Telegraph]

Proceedings of the St. Louis Horticultural Society.

SATURDAY, April 22, 1865.

The Society met—President Colman in the Chair. The minutes read and approved.

The following communication from Col. Woods was read:

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS STATE OF ILLINOIS,
ADJUTANT GEN.'S OFFICE, SANITARY DEPART.
SPRINGFIELD, April 17, 1865.

Hon. JOHN H. TICE, Sec. St. Louis Horticultural Soc.
DEAR SIR: I read with great pleasure and interest your graphic descriptions of the meetings of the St. Louis Horticultural Society, and often wish I could be a participant in the instructive exercises of those weekly gatherings in your city. I shall never forget the exceedingly good time we had in St. Louis at the annual meeting of the State Society. Every city member seemed to do his best in trying to render the visit of our Illinois delegation just as agreeable as it was possible to make it, and I could not resist the conviction that those men who were giving their time and thoughts to the improvement and general cultivation of mother nature's purest and sweetest and most civilizing products, were about the best and most useful of your community. That conviction deepens and acquires strength with the recurrence of each opportunity which is afforded me of contrasting the influence which men in the different departments of life exert in forming the habits, customs and manners of society. How rarely do we see one of the fruit-growing class loafing at grogshops or bar-rooms, engaged in litigation or mixed up with political conspiracies. If a school-house is wanted or a church to be built, our horticulturists are first with their purses, and usually the most persevering in their purposes. I have often thought that if more could be induced to enter the political arena, and reach our legislative halls in the capacity of law-makers, the effect for good upon our people and our prosperity would be most glorious. But I have wandered from the object I had in view when I began this letter.

The landlady of my boarding house in the city stated the other day that she had seen peaches growing upon white walnut trees. That the fruit was excellent, ripening in October; was seldom winter-killed, and almost always was sound and free from worms. The peach was budded or grafted upon the white walnut, and was regarded in the neighborhood as nothing wonderful. The same lady informs me that a lad of her acquaintance put in some apple buds reversing the natural position; that they grew and bore apples which had no seeds, and were used for sweet pickles and preserving whole.

I shall endeavor to obtain further particulars about these facts if I find them of sufficient importance to warrant the effort.

Very respectfully yours, JOHN R. WOODS,
Col. and Sec'y Ill. San. Com.

Mr. Tice said the assertion of successfully grafting or budding with stocks and scions so dissimilar as the peach and butternut ought not to be passed over in silence. The thing was an utter impossibility, though there was classical authority for it. Pliny gives an account of a tree in the garden of Lucullus, grafted in such a manner as to bear olives, almonds, apples, pears, plums, figs and grapes. Again he says: "I have seen near Thulius, in the country of the Tibertines, a tree grafted and laden with all manner of fruits—one bough bearing nuts, another berries; here hung grapes, there figs; in one part you might see pears, in another pomegranates; and there was no kind of apples or other fruit but was there to be found. But this tree did not live long."

Again he says, "Some apples are so red that they resemble blood, which is caused by their being grafted on the mulberry." This, however, proves nothing except that Pliny was the victim of an ingenious device practiced to this day by Italian gardeners, who sell trees bearing jasmynes, honey-suckles, oranges or pomegranate blossoms. This is done by boring the centre of the orange or pomegranate stock, and running the vines through, but being sustained in the soil by their own roots. They appear to be really grafted.

The growth soon fills up the hole and the tree perishes. The limit that propagating by budding or grafting can be carried, is the law of natural affinity. The operation is never successful, unless the stock and scion are nearly related; and the greater affinity, the surer the success. Prof. Lindley, in his "Theory of Horticulture," gives the law in the following words: Varieties of the same species unite most freely; then species of the same genus; then genera of the same natural order. He shows this to be the legitimate deduction of experiments made by himself and others in England and M. De Condolle and others on the Continent. He also shows that the remotest affinity the shorter lived are the plants obtained.

Hybridizing is confined within narrower limits, and is hardly ever successful beyond species of the same genus, and the plants obtained are mostly mules, that is, barren plants. The peach belongs to the natural order 'Amygdalaceae,' and the butternut to the 'Juglandaceae.' The former has roseaceous flowers, the latter amentaceous. There is, therefore, no natural affinity between them, and no union can take place between them, either by budding, grafting or hybridizing.

As to the reversing of the scion producing seedless apples; when a boy I used to amuse myself in that way to see the oddity of the plant while young, but it made no difference in the fruit. I doubt whether it is possible to produce seedless fruit, because the fruit seems to be a necessary concomitant of the seed.

Mr. Seymour—I have made experiments with reversing the scion, it makes no difference in the fruit. Mr. Colman—Pears and apples belong to the same natural family, and are even varieties of the same genus, but never do well if grafted on each other's stocks. A few apple limbs grafted with pears will do well for some years, but finally die out.

On motion it was resolved that the Secretary have blanks printed to inform members of their election.

On motion of Mr. Saxton, Dr. Morse was added to the committee on Hall.

On motion of Mr. Elliott it was

Resolved, That, until otherwise ordered, the meetings of this society will be held on each Saturday at two o'clock, P. M.

Dr. Morse presented a fine specimen of the Ben. Davis apple.

The discussion of small fruits was then taken up, first the strawberry:

Mr. Seymour—The Wilson Albany is the most profitable. Plant two feet apart in the row and two and a half feet between the rows, and mulch with straw.

Mr. Bayless—I find the Moyamensing most profitable. It is a hardier vine than the Wilson Albany, though perhaps not quite so prolific. Size about the same, but superior in quality, it needs no fertilizer, having perfect flowers. The hardiest of all strawberries is the Iowa.

Mr. Colman—I have had the Moyamensing some six years—think it a valuable variety. It runs more freely and forms more vigorous stools than the Wilson Albany—but needs a stimulant, as it is a pistillate variety and not a staminate or hermaphrodite as stated by Mr. Bayless.

Mr. Bayless—I never use a fertilizer for it and raise immense crops.

Mr. Seymour—That may be because it grows in the vicinity of staminate.

Mr. Saxton—How long does a bed last without removal.

Mr. Colman—I renew my bed once in three years.

Mr. Tice—Do you plant on your old beds, or for a year or so plant some other crop, before you again put it in strawberries? Eastern authority says they will not do well planted on old beds. Clover will fail if fields are too often renewed with it; if the soil becomes what the farmers call "cloversick." The same effect is produced by tulips.

Mr. Colman—I do not replant old beds if I can help it, though my experience does not show that it makes any material difference. The strawberry is not exhaustive to the soil, but requires much water. My soil, however, is rich, and I have not for a series of years in succession had it in berries.

Mr. Saxton—How many bushels do you raise to the acre?

Mr. Paddleford—That depends upon cultivation. I had a garden plot of Wilson's Albany to which I gave extra cultivation, and the product was enormous. In field cultivation, however, we cannot give them such extra attention, but several hundred bushels to the acre could be produced.

Mr. Seymour—200 bushels to the acre can be produced, but it is a large crop.

Mr. Colman—I had an experiment made on a small plot of the Wilson's Albany, with extra cultivation, and the product was at the rate of between three and four hundred bushels to the acre. This is, however, no criterion of what would be produced by ordinary field culture.

Mr. Colman asked Mr. Bayless what was his theory respecting the killing of fruit buds, or crowns?

Mr. Bayless—My experience is that in severe winters the buds will kill as effectually as those of the peach. I do not know any remedy except to cultivate the hardest varieties. According to my experience the Iowa is the hardiest; next to it in order come the Moyamensing and McAvoy's Extra Red.

Mr. Bayless—Has any one the Buffalo, and how has it stood the winter?

Mr. Colman—I have. It stood out last winter without protection, but is more or less injured; so is the Russell seedling.

Mr. Seymour—I think the main cause of injury, is the shallowness of setting.

Mr. Bayless—Also by wet condition of ground when frost comes.

Dr. Morse—The peculiar development of the Wilson's Albany in the fall subjects it to great danger of being winter killed.

Mr. Seymour—With my treatment I do not want a hardier berry than Wilson's Albany. It does not stand the drought so well, because its immense crop, makes too great a draught upon the moisture. Mr. Colman suggested that the discussion of the strawberry be continued at next meeting; and that the members give their views on the best method of picking and marketing.

Dr. Morse—Would also like to hear whether any member had made experiments in raising new varieties and what has been their success.

Mr. Tice—If any experiments are made, pure pistillate varieties like the Russell's seedling ought to be used for the mother plant. Where pistillate varieties are cultivated for general purposes, always some staminate varieties were necessary in close proximity, or there would be a failure to produce fruit. He thinks the Iowa is one of the best for fertilizing, being a staminate, or more properly a hermaphrodite plant.

Mr. Jordan—The Fillmore is also a good fertilizer.

Mr. Colman—I may be mistaken but my impression is the Fillmore is a pistillate.

Mr. Mudd finds that pistillate varieties will be fertilized if staminate are grown within a few hundred feet of them.

Mr. Colman—Within six hundred feet, if the wind blows over them in the direction of the pistillates.

On motion the subject was postponed to next meeting.

Dr. H. W. Ellis of Boonville, presented some Concord wine to be tested by the society.

The wine had but little color, was mild and pleasant to the taste, and pronounced by the members one of the best light wines for table purposes.

Dr. Ellis, being called on to state how it was made, stated that he made it in the ordinary way of the pure juices of the Concord when fully ripe, and with but slight pressure.

Dr. Ellis presented some sherry wine, made of a mixture of the juice of the Concord, Catawba, Virginia Seedling and juices of other fruits, with sugar. It certainly made a very promising sherry, the little excess of sugar being its only fault. Dr. Ellis said he sold it readily at five dollars a gallon.

On motion the Society then adjourned to meet again on Saturday next, the 29th inst. at 2 o'clock, P. M., at the office of H. W. Leffingwell & Co.

JOHN H. TICE, Rec. Sec'y.

SQUASH BUGS.—Walter Butler writes to the Genesee Farmer that he has tried many different articles to keep bugs from vines, but never found any thing equal to sulphur put on with a dredging-box after every shower.

DAHLIAS are like the most beautiful women without intellectuality—they strike you with astonishment by their exterior splendor but are miserably destitute of those properties which distinguish and render agreeable less imposing flowers. Had nature given the fragrance of the rose to the dahlia, it would have been the most magnificent gem of the garden—but wanting scent, it is like a fine woman without mind.



THE BROOK—ITS LESSON.

[Written for Colman's Rural World.]

So long was it hidden in Earth's deep breast;
So dark was the place where it hid its rest;
That, when it popped into the sunlight, it knew,
Scarcely where it should go, nor what it should do:
So down every steep, into every hole,
You could hear the scared water everywhere roll.
Poor, frightened thing! when hid in earth's cup,
It never had rest till the earth let it up.
Now up and out, it is crying with pain
To be down in the earth and the darkness again.
So, up and down, down and up, that is its way:
You will see it in water every day:
You see it in men as well as in water;
In every son and every daughter.
Never contented, ever distressed—
This is the way with the world at best.
Now, why not give up this racket and riot,
And make up your mind to be easy and quiet?
This was the way with the sages of old;
They knew that contentment was better than gold:
But we—ah, we! we are striving, each man,
To get all the while just as much as we can. F.G.

What is Necessary to be a Poet.

Poetry is a most difficult thing to write—there must be so much both of nature and of art: of nature a man must give himself; of art, the habit of a lifetime, which is but another nature—so that all must be nature.

In Wordsworth we find the two well combined, with considerable of the mannerism of the poet. Mannerism is a fault, though it shows nature—for, though ever so natural, we do not want anything offensive in poetry. In Shakespeare there is no mannerism, save that of the age—the habits and language of the people. This the poet could not avoid; he must adopt the current language of his time.

Long continued perseverance, is the absolute requisite of writing poetry; writing it well. It is an easy matter to catch up phrases, and present them in due form. It is done *ad nauseum*, *ad infinitum*. It is not reproducing the man, but publishing another; and to publish another differently from what was done by himself, is not publishing the man, but applying sentiments adversely, and not as originally and correctly intended. Poetry is a current. It must have its flow, or else there is no poetry. When disjointed, and taken in piecemeal, what effect can such patches have in new drapery; such blocks in veneering?

We are so apt to acquire by the shortest way; to find out a way different from the true way. The work of a lifetime we wish to compress in a day, an hour. The result is, we simply fail. Hence the world is failing in poetry.

Poetry is considered a sacrifice—the sacrifice of a life to what is thought a profitless business. It is often considered as an accompaniment to other business—sometimes as an ornament. But in all these cases it only fails. It requires the whole man—all his time. Who will make the sacrifice? He who cannot well help it; he is the poet. He sings, as the saying is, because the music is in him. This being the inducement he is urged on to practice, and, in the end, he will learn his trade.

It requires more to be a poet than is generally supposed. Not more of nature—perhaps, of genius, but of practice. A man must write, keep writing, till verse becomes a medium. Then he can convey himself in that easy, natural medium. Pope wrote more readily in verse than in prose, because he had always been writing verse. At twelve years he wrote respectable verse, popular to this day. How much earlier then must he have commenced writing. This ease, this aptitude of verse, made his Homer. Though written in rhyme, nothing has yet equalled it as a translation; and Dr. Johnson says it surpasses the original. So the didactic poems of Pope, are the best in the world. His Dunciad also stands alone. He was not the poet of sentiment, else, no doubt, it would have been hard to have found his equal. Pope is an instance of the art of poetry, rather than of nature. To be a poet then, is to make a no less sacrifice than that of a life. It must be done, or no poetry is written. It is so with all works of art which represent the poetical. Milton wrote Paradise Lost at sixty.

ORIGINAL STORY.

[Written for Colman's Rural World.]

SUSAN GREY.

Susan Grey lived in a small cottage. It was hallowed by many associations. Many a "Sukey" (so they called Susan) had lived there: this was the fourth or fifth—the time is so long I can hardly trace it. This was the last of them all—and all said she would remain but a short time—for Sukey was young and truly handsome, without really knowing the full extent of her beauty. She knew, however, as the sparkle in her eye told plainly. But her pride offended not. Her demeanor was as quiet and demure as could well be wished; and no one doubted her purity. She always reminded one of a crocus. Her brown eyes gave a flash of contrast to her snowy neck and brow, and her golden locks—they were golden. Altogether, she was a picturesque girl of seventeen.

Allen Wesley was her lover. There were many more; but Allen seemed the favorite. He was not handsome—not tall; but very active. One would say, as all did say, he would make his mark in the world. Some doubted, for he was to be a minister—and what could a minister do? so thought the unreflecting. But not so seemed to think Sukey. She corresponded with him when he was at school, to the great annoyance of her other admirers. She would walk with him; ride with him; take the lake with him, and listen to him while he expounded the beauties around him—for he was eloquent—the very nature of him breathed that.

Sukey's admirers, upon this, withdrew. But there was one who would not withdraw. He was pricked to new effort. And a noble youth he was. Tall and young, of Sukey's age—a thing against him, one would say, but such was not the case—he was a man, even in youth, yet retaining all his youth. Of limb like a giant, and round and large, and matchless. They were not an incumbrance—not out of place—but showed the future man, already largely developed—and as dignified, and independent, and chivalrous, as any true knight.

But he made no approaches—he never had. He was very sensitive of honor, and, some said, of family pride. But he loved Sukey—loved her from the first, since she entered her teens—and even before, when she was the handsomest "child" of the village.

The crocus (he wore one also in his button-hole) was his especial favorite, from long acquaintance and care, so it seemed, and he could not permit another to pluck it.

Was he piqued? Indeed! "But he must not be governed by his pique"—so sensibly he thought already. "This flower is not only precious, but worthy—worthy to honor the best hand in the land." And Percy Northrup was determined. He is in the race, and he will run it. It is his first race as a man. All his school-boy exploits were successes. Now he must go on to conquer. But in the presence of this flower, his confidence failed him. She was the superior of the two, she felt—felt it from a habit of seeming the oldest—a woman, when Percy was but a boy. This superiority she still retained, as I have said, from habit—though Percy was looked upon in a different light by others. There he was, the young hero as we tried to picture him.

Sukey was familiar and radiant with smiles in his presence. She led off—and led him deeper and deeper into the intricacies of love.

This went on. He found it would not do—that he was doing nothing—"only making a fool of himself." Wesley was still the favorite. "How long has this been so? Does she truly love him. Has she ever, ever loved—when he came to the name he found he could not speak it. He was "cowardly," "chicken-hearted," "white livered," and all this—"Should he declare his love at once? Perhaps he was already too late; perhaps she was engaged."

He would know. So, proceeding to ascertain, he found he had less courage than ever—until he cried out against himself in despair. "Let her go! I will be myself again," he said. And Percy Northrup went about his business, which was to attend his last school, preparatory to the real buffetings of life. "Fool to be taken by a rosy cheek," he thought.

Then came the report that Wesley and Sukey were to be married. It came all the way to his school, where it found him, just relieved of the shadow of his ill-fate. At the expiration of his school he returned—and found Sukey still the crocus of his youth (though he, for a long time, had worn none at his breast,) and yet free. This stimulated, encouraged him. He was sure of her affection once; and she seemed still delighted at his presence.

Considering the matter over one day, he found he had never shown any positive marks of affection—never demonstrated any at all. This encouraged him. He would do something—he would present her with a flower—the finest crocus in the wood. "Ah, if she could but help find it herself—the handsomest of all flowers." And he would present a sentiment—a sort of half question.

So he selected a flower—from the old standard of last year, that had ornamented his vest. What improvement had he made in his suit through the year? Ah, there was nothing! Now there will be a practical thing; at least progress; perhaps a test; and that is what is wanted now.

The great boy-man hunting for a flower (neglecting his business) to give to a little girl! He felt mortified. But he had undertaken the task—and he must go through.

And then he went to present it. He found he had a sharp-eyed, intelligent girl to present it to; and he felt ashamed of the silliness. But he was in the lists, and he must go through. So he carelessly, as he meant, handed over the flower, with, "Do you want it?" She looked upon it with a pleased, quiet look, that thought more of something else than of the flower. It was a courtesy and a "thanky," at the same time, with a slight flutter of embarrassment, the first he had ever seen in her. But it was also pleasure at the receipt of the flower. It was the action of beauty to beauty, through the link of beauty.

He had gone through this herculean task; and he had received, when he came to consider it right—the sweetest of smiles, spontaneous, and "all meant—not made"—as he said almost loud. She had blushed also. "What a fool," he thought, not to have done this before!

He "walked on thrones." There was no place so dear as the woods; no flower like the parent stem that produced such crocuses. Happy flower! just where it should be—in the possession of such a divinity, whose purity shields her from all harm. This axiom he now felt for the first time, and gloried in it.

The next interview he out-did himself to such an extent that he was surprised at his "luck," or "fate," or whatever it might be. He had even made out to hint of his disapprobation of his "divinity's" flirting with Wesley—and in such a "consummate" manner that she had not suspected his design. Happy man! happier still when Wesley ceased his flirtation—which all of a sudden he did. Was it she that directed in this matter? To his infinite happiness he found it was.

"But he would not step in his place! he would not wait upon Susan Grey! But he would—yes, he would now ask her to be his!" The thought made him "shrink and tremble;" but now it must be done, or the prize might escape him.

Was it pride that led him, with that dignified step, to the altar! So fine a couple was never seen. In the bloom of youth: he, tall, majestic, handsome; she, small, quiet, a little nun by his side—in demeanor, blushing real blushes, and fluttering (slightly) towards her protector, a crocus in her braid, scarce seen by the audience.

"And what of it?" says the reader. "This is nothing but a common occurrence." And so are all true stories—the same thing constantly over. This tale is true (has literally occurred) in all but the names.

Wesley is preaching the Gospel successfully—unmarried. RAPHAEL.

Why may an apple-tree be compared to a woman? Because it blushes—blushes when it gets to be a tree (in blossom;) and blushes when it gets to be a mother (in the fruiting season.)

THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

[UNSCRIBED TO M.M.N.]

BY MISS MARY A. GARY.

Faintly my unskilled fingers sweep the lyre
That only to the gifted should belong;
For mine is no gleam of that mystic fire,
That warms cold words into the life of song.
Artists have painted, poets sung in vain,
The glorious theme that you to me have given;
Yet, still unfinished must its praise remain—
Weak, human voices cannot sound the strain
Fitted for the grand orchestra of heaven.

Would that my pencil had some magic power,
Such as the fairies gave in olden time;
I'd fly to words, like bee from flower to flower.
And gather all their sweetness into rhyme.
Perchance I then might glowingly portray
Nature's rare beauties that I love so well.

I'd picture first a hazy Autumn day,
When the earth revels in a golden ray,
And each heart feels its dreamy, witching spell.

I'd clamber then some lofty mountain-side,
Where I could listen to the distant roar
Of the grand cataract—a nation's pride—
Niagara, for instance, or Lodore.
And, when I wearied of the loud, full tone,
I'd ramble to some vale between the hills,

Where I could hear soft and sweet sounds alone—
Carol of bird, or zephyr's sighing moan,
Or, sweeter still, the rippling of the rills.

Green, swaying branches interlaced above—
The rarest foliage of most distant isles—
For my pet birds should form an Eden-grove
With sweetest flowers to gild it with their smiles;

Blossoms from farthest corners of the earth,
On my parterre, on equal terms shall meet—
From the Magnolia, with its vaunted worth,
Or Oleander, of Egyptian birth,
To the loved Violet blooming at my feet.

I'd like to have some cliff o'erhang the sea,
Where I might build a light-house tower of rock;
Not like a "Chateau d'Espagne" should it be,
But one that could defy the tempest's shock.

I love the thunder, and the storm's loud roar—
Oh! with what ecstasy I'd hear them there!
The black waves foaming as they lash the shore,
Would echo in my spirit evermore,
Till I'd forget that life had e'er known care.

Thus would I realize my bright ideal—
But ah! such picturing is worse than vain;
Our life is practical: its duties real,
And dreams can bring our spirits naught but pain:

Clouds, shadows, storms, must evermore appear
To dim the skies most radiantly bright.
Change and decay must be our portion here—
Bright blossoms wither, shining leaves grow sore,
And Autumn evening darkens into night.

WITHIN THE SOUL life's truest beauty dwells;
The only beauty Fame cannot destroy—
There Faith, Hope, Love—the ever-chiming bells—
Ring ceaseless tunes of music and of joy.

Flowers we may gather, 'mid earth's storm and gloom;
Blossoms of Peace, and Purity, and Truth,
That will outlast the chilling of the tomb,
Will fill our early hours with rosy bloom,
And brighten old age with the light of youth.

Thus may you realize your pleasant dreams,
And your soul rest in a sunshine of calm—
Over your path God's love shed golden gleams—
Into your saddened spirit pour its balm.

And, when at last you cast your life aside,
With its lost dreams, its hopes that Time has riven,
May you rest on the Beulah-mountain-side,
And enjoy nature, pure and glorified,
Such as the angels see and know in heaven.
Godfrey, Ill.

[Written for Colman's Rural World.]

VIRGINIA.

Thou art all innocence—unknown to love,
Whose sunshine art thou that thou shalt engulf
Him in thy first, sweet, matchless love? for thou
Hast power like high archangel, and a light
In thy bright eyes, that tells—ah! what does't tell?
Deep mystery! most like to heaven; beyond
All earth, yet comprehending earth.

Not reach thee—but it pleases me to know,
Such power, such virtue, dwells among the race—
But most the sex—the long down-trodden sex.
Once more blasphemous languishes, and men,
Degraded men, avert their gaze, and crouch
Before such innocence vouchsafed by Heaven. L.

MUTUAL FORBEARANCE.—The house and the barn had a quarrel. The barn charged the house with consuming its substance. "But I shall fill it again, you grumbler," said the house. Already my sons are preparing the soil. Besides, your cattle are eating up your substance. But blame not the cattle: it is the cattle and I that feed you, as well as you that feed us." The barn has been silent ever since.

[Written for Colman's Rural World.]

MEMORIES.

Glancing far back through the beautiful Past, where life's pathway is strewn with memory's brightest, purest gems and flowers; where my feet wandered up through the glad hours of childhood, to those of bright maidenhood—how sweet, how beautiful, look the scenes that greet my weary sight. Lying away back there are hopes never realized; youthful dreams never again to be taken up, but which I once fondly thought to weave as the sunniest threads in the magic web of life. Before me are many treasures of sweet "long ago." Lovingly, and with tearful eyes, I gaze upon them thinking fondly of the time when they were bright as my young life that cherished them. With saddened heart and trembling hand, I gather them up, one by one, and as the "flood-gate" of memory swings back, there comes rushing over my whole being such sweet remembrances of other years as make me forget all else—the present, with its mingled hours of joy and pain—the future, with its bright anticipations; and I live over again those olden scenes. Here I lift a bouquet of wild flowers; withered, and faded now, 'tis true, but oh, how fragrant, how fresh when presented me by a cherished friend, far away now on some Southern battle-field. There lies a bunch of old, yellow letters, shrouded and tied with a piece of crape; they were penned by the hand of a loving cousin—and the words, "soldier's letters," stirs a deep fount in my heart—for nevermore will our hearts be gladdened by his presence. I unfold them, and his picture drops from between the time-stained paper. How brave—how noble he looked in his uniform, when he bade us Good-bye. Ah! it is well that "Heaven from all creatures hides the book of fate," else we could not have given him up so easily. We had hoped to clasp hands again with him on earth—but it was ordered otherwise, and he "fell fighting—fighting fell," and now calmly sleeps in a green hill-side grave, undisturbed by the wild tumult of war sweeping over him.

Gently I lift a pair of worn spectacles, and reverently press them to my throbbing heart, the tried and faithful companion of her who gave me birth; they are old and worn now, but, oh, more precious to me than costliest gems. Looking upon them, they carry me back, far back, through the mazy windings of the past; and, wandering in "sweet fancy's hall," I take up again those blissful dreams, and am the gay, laughing child. To-night she is beside me, gazing into my eyes with that same calm, gentle expression so habitual to her. I feel the touch of her hand laid softly on my hair—the hand that ever guided my wayward, wilful feet through the slippery paths of youth up to the verge of womanhood. Her loving voice in gentle remonstrance, or kind advice, falls on my ear, making sweet, sad music in my soul; with beating heart I strive to catch the tones once again—but vain—how vain—and with anguish I come back to the stern realities of life, for

"Many a year the grass has grown green,
Faded and blossomed, our faces between."

Next, comes the picture of a fair girlish face, around whose head clusters a wealth of sunny curls, and the dark-blue eyes look laughingly into mine. Oh, what life, what joy, was in her presence—my own pet sister! Her feet seldom cross the threshold of her old home now; she has gone to preside over the home of another, and the cares and perplexities of life have left their impress stamped indelibly on the fair, open brow. No more are our hearts gladdened by the mellow laughter of young girlhood, or burst of glad song, which almost rivalled the birds in sweetness. The beautiful curls, too, once our delight, are now tucked under an odious net, from which a stray ringlet will sometimes escape despite her care in putting them back—and indeed the staid, sober matron is little like the wild, romping, wilful girl.

Now, 'tis the face of a brother, upon whose brow the calm dignity of manhood sits majestically.

But under all, in the farthest corner of my desk, hidden from prying eyes, and tied with a bit of blue ribbon, I find a book of poems—a ring—a lock of dark, brown hair—and a button from his coat—these are—ah! what are they?

Here is a group of travelers, who have stopped to rest for awhile during the heat of the day in a shady retreat by the roadside. The scene, the costumes, the general appearance of all is not familiar to us, but is one that is often seen in that ancient country where Moses was educated, where Joseph lived, and where the children of Israel were held in bondage. The great river Nile is there, near which Moses was discovered by the daughter of Pharaoh. On its eastern bank was the celebrated land of Goshen, where Joseph's father and brethren lived after they left the land of Canaan. God visited the people with those severe judgments of which we have the record in the book of Exodus. The whole country is now inhabited by Turks, Arabs, Copts, and native Egyptians;

only the relics of a lost dream. Valueless these may appear to others, but—by me—how fondly prized! and the remembrance of that one, blissful dream will forever haunt my heart like some "mournful knell."

Since then I have learned many bitter heart-lessons—have seen the brightest of life's flowers fade and die, and have found that "all is not gold that glitters." The memory-bells sing out a chime of subdued melody, half-glad, half-mournful, and my weary feet falter sometimes when I view the road laid out before me—and yet I know "as our day is, so shall our strength be also."

Often—oh, how often! do we look back to the golden hours of childhood; we think the sun shone brighter then; the grass was greener; flowers bloomed more sweetly; the bird songs had more joyousness in them than now; but the fault—ah! it is in us; it is our own hearts that are out of tune. The years, as they come, bring cares with them—and as one after another pass from the stage of action, we fill up the vacant places—ever thus pass our lives, "onward, ever onward." JANET.

Godfrey, III.

[Written for Colman's Rural World.]

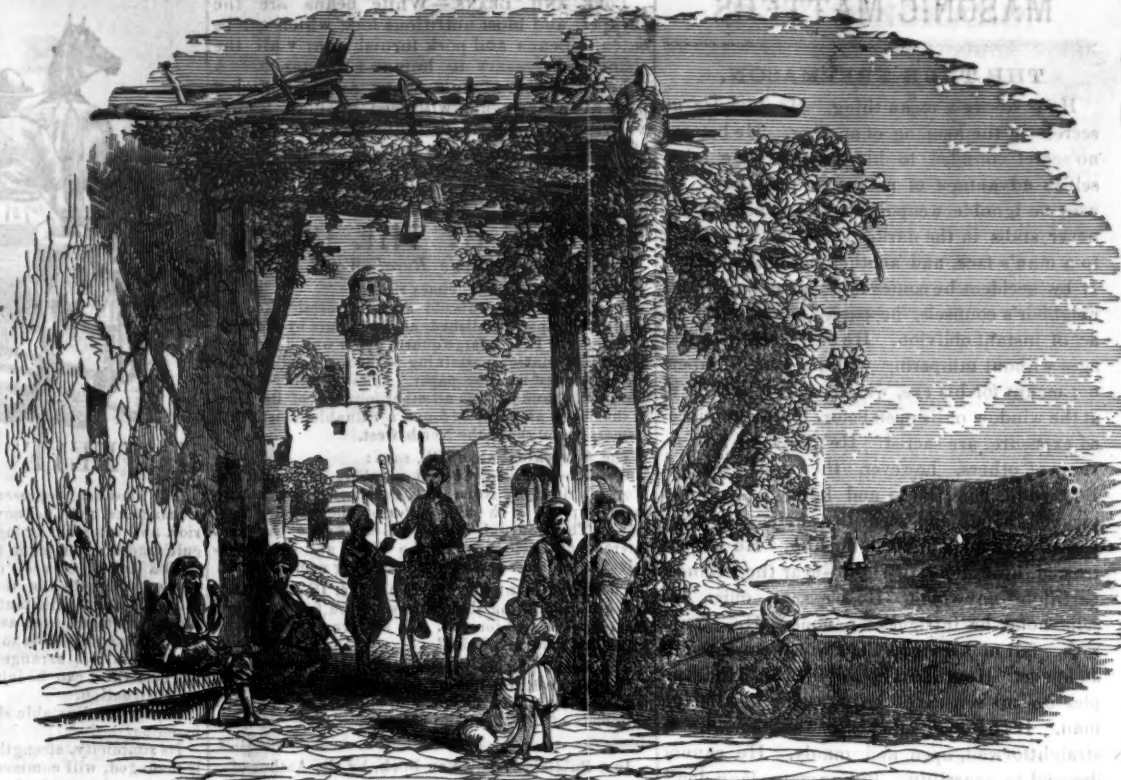
THE BRAMBLE FIELD.

The trees reach up their branches toward the sky,
As if they wanted heaven to be nigh.
So doth each blade, more humble in its birth,
Yet happy that it's near its mother earth.
Yet happy that it's near its mother earth.
Even the bramble with its thorns, is gay,
And accents with satin flowers the rustic way,
Where rustic feet have trod, whose hearts did beat
With mellowness and joy in such retreat.
What thinking fancies in such lovely lanes.
What quiet sunlight, and what sweet peace reigns!

HEALTHFULNESS OF APPLES.—There is scarcely an article of vegetable food more widely useful and more universally liked than the apple. Why every farmer in the nation has not got an orchard where the trees will grow at all, is one of the mysteries. Let every housekeeper lay in a good supply of apples, and it will be the most economical investment in the whole range of culinary arts. A raw, mellow apple is digested in an hour and a half, while boiled cabbage requires five hours. The most healthy dessert that can be placed on a table is a baked apple. If eaten freely at breakfast, with coarse bread and butter, without meat or flesh of any kind, it has an admirable effect on the general system—removing constipation, correcting acidities, and cooling off febrile condition more effectually than the most approved medicines. If families could be induced to substitute apples—sound and ripe—for the pies, cakes and sweetmeats, with which their children are too indiscreetly stuffed, there would be a diminution of the sum total of doctors' bills, in a single year, sufficient to lay in a stock of this delicious fruit for a whole season's use.

Said Pat, after looking thoughtfully at an elephant; "If you please, Mister showman, what baste is that, aitin hay wid its tail?"

AN EGYPTIAN SCENE.



and with the exception of a few Europeans and Jews, they are Mahomedans. Here, also, are to be seen the ruins of the Pyramids, colossal works of human skill and folly, in which were deposited the embalmed bodies of the kings of Egypt.

Here is something exquisite from the English press:

HOME.

Two birds within one nest;
Two hearts within one breast;
Two souls within one fair,
Firm league of love and prayer,
Together bound for aye, together blest.

An ear that waits to catch
A hand upon the latch;
A step that hastens its sweet rest to win;
A world of care without,
A world of strife shut out,
A world of love shut in.

[DORA GREENWELL.]

[Written for Colman's Rural World.]

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

SOLUTION OF THE ABOVE—(PUBLISHED APRIL 15.)

My 1, 14, 4, 21, 24, 10, 8, 20, 25, is the name of a State—Wisconsin.

My 16, 7, 17, 6, 25, 2, is a County in Virginia—Green.

My 23, 13, 27, 11, 1, 26, 18, 15, 28, is the name of a river in Asia—Irawaddy.

My 12, 9, 2, 10, 20, 8, 26, 28, 7, 17, 4, is the capital of a country in S. America—Buenos Ayres.

My 21, 13, 24, 25, 8, 22, 11, 19, 5, is the name of a city in Russia—Cronstadt.

My 3, 26, 5, 17, 4, is a county in Missouri—Bates.

My whole no household should be without—Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.
Vienna, Ill. H. M. RIDENHOWER.

ENIGMA, NO. 3.

I am composed of 16 letters—the whole forming the name of a distinguished statesman and general—not living.

My 1, commences the name of a general living.

My 7, 11, 12, 14, 2, 4, is the name of one of the seasons.

My 18, 3, is what lovers fear.

My 15, 9, 8, 5, 6, is the name of an Indian tribe.

My 13, begins the name of a city in Texas.

My 10, is something left off in pronunciation by a certain class. B.

BEAUTIFUL ARCH—BEAUTIFUL MOTION!—To see a lot of tobacco-chewers squirting their rain-bows.

"Why does a woman's mouth contain wheels?"
"Ho! ho! ho! now I give that up!"

"Because her tongue is a wagon."

LITTLE GIRL'S COLLOQUY.—"Jenny, what makes the sky so spotted nights?"

"Cause its freckled."

"Oh, yes, the sun shines there. Pretty freckles though."

Oliver Wendell Holmes calls the moon the blind old mother of the day.

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

To DYE LILAC.—Take a little pinch of Archil and put some boiling hot water upon it, add to it a very little lump of pearlsh. Shades may be altered by pearlsh, common salt or wine.

To DYE NANKIN COLOR.—A pail full of lye with a piece of copperas half as big as a hen's egg boiled in it, will produce a nankin color that will not fade.

To DYE SCARLET.—Dip the cloth in a solution of alkaline or metallic salt, then in a cochineal dye and let it remain sometime, and it will come out permanently colored. Another method. Half a pound of madder, half an ounce cream tartar, one ounce marine acid, to a pound of cloth. Put it all together and bring the dye to a scalding heat. Put in your materials and they will be colored in ten minutes. The dye must be only scalding hot. Rinse your goods in cold water as soon as they come from the dye.

To TAKE MILDEW OUT OF LINEN.—Take soap and rub it well, then scrape on some fine chalk, rub that also in the linen, lay it on the grass, as it dries wet it a little, it will come out at twice doing.

To RESTORE THE COLOR OF WOOLEN CLOTH DISCHARGED BY AN ACID.—Take equal parts of pearlsh and quicklime dissolved in water and wet the parts with it. The place wet will become a reddish brown, a little vinegar now applied will restore it to its original black.

PRESERVATION OF THE TEETH.—Horace Walpole says ("Letters," vol. iii. p. 276): "Use a little bit of alum twice or thrice in a week, no bigger than half your nail, till it has all dissolved in your mouth, and then spit it out. This has fortified my teeth, that they are as strong as the pen of Junius. I learned it of Mrs. Grosvenor, who had not a speck in her teeth till her death." Do not let your brushes be too hard, as they are likely to irritate the gums and injure the enamel. Avoid too frequent use of tooth powder, and be very cautious what kind you buy, as many are prepared with destructive acids. Those who brush their teeth carefully and thoroughly with tepid water and a soft brush, (cold water should never be used, for it chills and injures the nerves,) have no occasion to use powder. Should any little incrustation (tartar) appear on the sides or at the back of the teeth, which illness and very often the constant eating of sweetmeats, fruit, and made dishes containing acids will cause, put a little magnesia on your brush, and after two or three applications it will remove it. While treating on the care of teeth, which is a subject of the highest importance to those who have young families, and in fact every one who wishes to preserve them, I beg to remind my readers that as the period generally occupied by sleep is calculated to be about (at least) six hours out of the twenty-four, it would greatly promote the healthful maintenance of these priceless pearls, whose loss or decay so greatly influences our appearances and our comfort, if we were to establish a habit of carefully cleaning them with a soft brush before going to bed. The small particles of food clogging the gums impede circulation, generate tartar and caries, and affect the breath. Think of an amalgamation of cheese, flesh, sweetmeats, fruit, etc., in a state of decomposition, remained wedged in our teeth for six or seven hours; yet how few ever take the trouble to attend this most certain cause of toothache, discoloration, and decay, entailing the miseries of scaling, plugging, extraction, and the crowning horror—false teeth!—[Godley's Lady's Book.]

GET THE BEST.
THE BUCKEYE,
 THE LEADING MACHINE OF ALL
REAPERS & MOWERS.



The success of the
BUCKEYE IS WITHOUT PARALLEL,

And has caused a perfect REVOLUTION in the manufacture of this class of machinery. Over 40,000 of them are in use in various parts of the United States. It is almost noiseless in operation; works well on any ground, side hills, marshes, or in any grass. It was the first machine that successfully mowed the salt meadows of the East, the marshes in Michigan, and the "Hog Wallow" Prairie in Texas. It is handled with such ease, that, in stumpy land and in orchards, it can be handled like a cart. IT HAS THE CUTTER BAR IN FRONT, giving the driver full view of his knives, and keeping him out of danger in case of runaway teams, so as not to come in contact with the knives, which is the case by all machines having the cutter bar behind. Come and see this great Machine, or send for a catalogue. In addition to the above we offer our customers, the

BUCKEYE HORSE HAY RAKE,

The Hawkeye Corn Cultivator,

See description in advertisement on page 78.

BLUNDEN, KOENIG & CO., Sole Agents,

No. 56 North Second Street, St. Louis, Mo.

BUCKEYE CORN PLANTER.



The Best Planter Offered to the Farmer.

There are several reasons why this is the best Planter in use, and the following are a few of them, viz: It never cuts a grain of corn. It cannot choke. It never misses a hill, if the lever is moved. The corn is effectually covered. The driver sits on a seat that never tips down. The shoes rise above the ground themselves. This is the only machine in use, or that can be used, wherein that is the case, and that alone will please every man who sees it. The corn is dropped from cylinders provided with grooves which agitate and feed the kernels into the cups, and it never can miss a hill when the lever is moved.

Send in your orders early for the

BUCKEYE REAPER & MOWER,

The only Machine that does the work to perfection, and has no equal in the world.
 Also, Dealers in

Landreth's Celebrated Garden Seeds,

REVOLVING HORSE RAKES, SULKY RAKES, CUTTING BOXES, &C., AND THE

CELEBRATED MOLINE PLOWS.

Blunden, Koenig & Co.,

WESTERN AGRICULTURAL DEPOT AND SEED STORE,

No. 56 North Second Street, above Pine, St. Louis, Mo.

Almanacs for 1865 and Illustrated Catalogues Furnished Gratis.

PRICES
REDUCED
 THE JOHN H.
MANNY!
 Improved
REAPER & MOWER

This machine, made at
Rockford, Ills.,

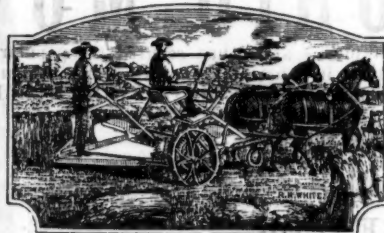
Is especially adapted to the wants of the
FARMERS OF THE WEST.

As a Combined Reaper & Mower,
 It has enjoyed an excellent reputation for years; yet
 it has progressed in improvements till the
Improved Jno. H. Manny

At this time so far excels that made several years ago,
 that the farmer acquainted only with the old machine,
 must see and witness the work of the new Improved
 John H. Manny to fully realize its superiority. A

SELF-RAKE

Has been added to the machine, which works with a
 steady motion, free of jerks, requiring less power to
 operate it than that of any other rake. It is controlled
 by the driver who regulates the size of the bundles.
 Price \$225, freight to be added.



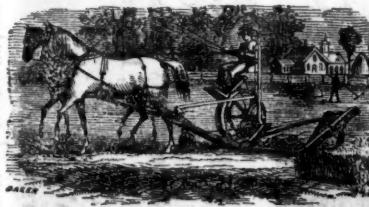
THE HAND RAKE

Is unsurpassed by any other machine in point of work
 —and it is considered an easy job to fork the grain
 off the machine. Prices \$175 or \$185, freight to be
 added.

**The John H. Manny Self-
 Rake and Hand Rake,**

Are both combined machines, and
 will mow as well as reap.

The late improvements consist in part as follows:
 Two sizes bevel gearing.
 Enlarged drive and grain wheels.
 Adjustable seat for driver.
 Adjustable support and spring seat for forker.
 Iron cutter bar and new guard.
 Balance wheel, new pitman, hollow wrist pin.
 Wide boxes for journals.
 New arrangement of lever.
 Double shive for reel.
 Patent adjustable gathering divider.



Notwithstanding that the

MOWER
 OF THE IMPROVED JOHN H. MANNY
 COMBINED MACHINE.

Is in every respect sufficient for cutting all kinds of
 grass, a separate and distinct

John H. Manny Mower,

Is made, to keep pace with the requirements of the
 farmers. Price, \$125, freight to be added.

BURSON'S GRAIN BINDER,

Can be had with the John H. Manny Machine.
 Farmers be sure that you get the
JOHN H. MANNY REAPER & MOWER.
 If you wish to get a machine that
 will surely cut your grain
 and grass.

Send for a pamphlet and further particulars.

W. P. PENN,

Agent,
 No. 15 Vine Street, between Main and Second,
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STATIONER, PRINTER & BOOKBINDER,
 Nos. 78 and 80 Pine St., St. Louis, Mo.

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 75 cents.

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BOOK AND JOB PRINTING of every description neatly executed.

Orders by mail will receive prompt attention and will be filled at as low figures as if the purchaser were present. Address orders to

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EVERGREENS.

A SPLENDID STOCK OF

Norway Spruce,
Scotch Pine,
Balsam Fir,
European Silver Fir,
Amer. and Siberian Arbor Vitae,
White Pine,
Hemlock Spruce,
Black Spruce,
White Spruce,

From two to eight feet high. Price, \$1 to \$5 each, according to size.

Also the **Savin, Mahonia, Box Tree, Evergreen Thorn, Yucca, &c.,** Price \$1 each.

Norman J. Colman,

St. Louis Nursery.

R. S. King. B. M. Million.
KING & MILLION,
 Agents for the sale of
Missouri and Illinois Lands,
 No. 39 Pine st., first door east of Third, St. Louis, Mo.
 Will attend to Third
 Payment of Taxes for Non-resident Land Owners. Commission Reasonable.
 For sale—**MISSOURI & ILLINOIS LAND,** improved and unimproved, in quantities to suit purchasers.

GEO. HUSMANN. C. C. MANWARING.
HERMANN NURSERY.
HUSMANN & MANWARING, Proprietors,
HERMANN, MO.
 Having much increased our business, we take pleasure in calling the attention of our friends, and the public generally, to our large and complete assortment of Fruit and Ornamental Trees and Shrubs comprising the choicest varieties of
 Apples, Pears, standard and dwarf; Cherries, standard and dwarf; Peaches, Plums, Apricots, Almonds, Quinces, Grapes, Currants, Gooseberries, Raspberries, Strawberries, Blackberries, Shade and Ornamental Trees and Shrubs, Evergreens, Vines and Creepers, Roses, Dahlias, and other Plants, Scions of Fruit Trees, Cuttings and Seedlings of Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, &c.

Most of the varieties were tested here, and have proved successful in our soil and climate, and all are warranted true to name.

We would call the special attention of Grape Growers to our large assortment of native hardy grapes, comprising over sixty of the choicest varieties, which we have spared no pains nor cost to procure from the most reliable sources. Many of them have been tested here, and all will be tested in the open vineyard, and we shall recommend none until we have found them successful. This we may now confidently do with Norton's Virginia, Herbeumont, Missouri and Concord, they having been tested beyond a doubt.

Descriptive Catalogues sent gratis to all applicants. Orders directed to us personally or to our local agents, will be promptly and carefully filled.

HUSMANN & MANWARING.
 Hermann, Sept. 1859.

DRAIN TILE.

I am erecting an extensive **TILE and PIPE Works** at 16th Street and Pacific Railroad, only 2 squares west of 14th Street Depot, and expect to be able to furnish Drain Tile of my own make in April or May, manufactured upon the most approved machines, and at the following rates at the factory:

Size, 1 1/2 inch bore,	Price per 1000 feet.	
2	\$15	all irreg-
3	20	ulars
4	40	double
5	60	price of
6	80	straight
	120	pipe.

And until I am able to supply the demand at my own factory, I will receive and fill orders for any sized Tile at 10 per cent. above Joliet prices, and cost of transportation and breakages—they having appointed me sole agent for their Works, in St. Louis.

Address, **H. M. THOMPSON,**
 Office in rear of Post Office, Box 3459.
 [marl-8t]

TO FARMERS OF THE WEST!

THE BEST TWO-WHEEL MACHINE INVENTED!



BALL'S OHIO MOWER AND REAPER!

This justly celebrated machine, resting on its own merits alone, has secured the popularity which it now enjoys. Unrivalled in the field, faultless in construction, uniting strength, durability and efficiency, it has deservedly won the reputation of THE BEST TWO-WHEELED MACHINE INVENTED!

**AS A MOWER,
IT DEFILES COMPETITION!
AND AS A REAPER,**

IT STANDS WITHOUT AN EQUAL.

**BARNUM, FENNER & CO.,
MO. AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE & SEED STORE**

No. 26 South Main Street, Saint Louis, Mo., Opposite Merchants' Exchange.

Between Market and Walnut Sts.,

[SIGN OF THE GOLDEN YOKE.]

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in all kinds of

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS AND MACHINES,
Also, Garden, Grass and Field Seeds.

CHAMPION SELF-HAND RAKING

Reapers and Mowers and Single Mowers.

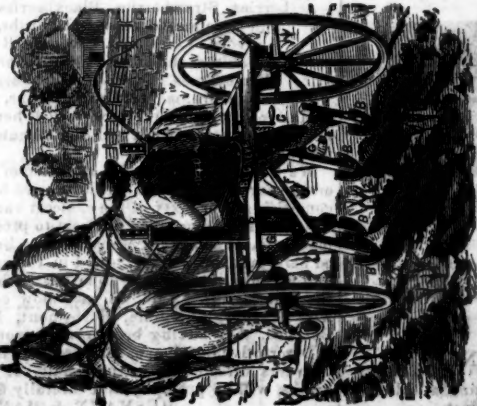
The latest and most approved of the Ohio machines.

Those wishing to purchase a harvester, are requested to call and examine this acknowledged CHAMPION OF THE WORLD.

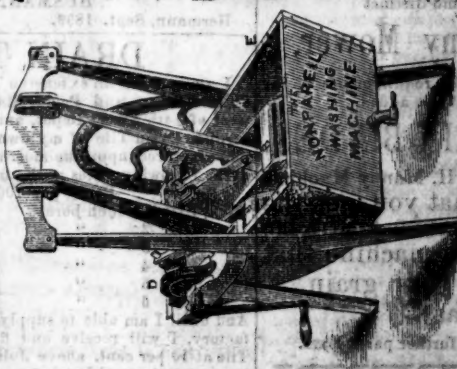
Haworth's Prairie State double check row Corn Planter

in which is combined in the GREATEST DEGREE all the qualities of a PERFECT PLANTER.

Below find out of Celebrated
Buckeye Sulky Corn Planter.
Ride while you plow your corn.



Also, dealers in Rubber and
Leather Belting, Threshers and
Horse Powers, Sulky and Re-
volving Hay Rakes, Hay Hois-
ting Forks, Cider Mills, Plows,
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Victor Sorghum Mills.
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Send for Catalogues—furnished gratis.

BARNUM, FENNER & CO.,
NO. 26 SOUTH MAIN ST., SAINT LOUIS, MO.

FARMERS OF THE WEST,

The advantages of Purchasing
A MACHINE MADE IN ST. LOUIS,
Should not be overlooked. Send in your orders early. For particulars and prices send for
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Kingslands & Ferguson,

Office, corner of Second and Cherry Streets. Factory, corner of Cass Ave. and Eleventh Sts.

St. Louis Agricultural Warehouse and Seed Store,

[Established 1845, by Wm. M. Plant.]

SIGN OF THE GILT PLOW.

NO. 25 NORTH MAIN STREET,

BETWEEN CHESNUT AND PINE STS.,

Also, No. 203 NORTH FOURTH STREET (Fronting on two streets), & 204 BROADWAY,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

PLANT & BROTHER,

Wm. M. Plant.]

[ALFRED PLANT.]

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in and Manufacturers' Agents for the Sale of

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Leather and Rubber Belting, Hose, Steam Packing.

HOWE'S STANDARD SCALES.

PEARCE'S PLANTATION COTTON SPINNERS.

WOOL CARDING MACHINES, COACH SCREWS, STORE TRUCKS;
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SUGAR CANE MILLS & JUICE EVAPORATORS.

Cotton Gins, Hand and Power Corn Shellers.

Smith's Patent-Cast Cast-Steel Plow.

Deere's Moline and Tobey & Anderson's Peoria steel Plows.

Stafford's 2-horse Sulky Cultivator,

Sucker State 2-horse sulky Cultivator.

Selby's double check row CORN PLANTER.

McGaffey's double check row or drill Corn Planter. Brown's Ills. double check row Corn Planter

Kirby's American Iron Reaper and Mower.

Hubbard's 2-wheel hinge-bar Mower.

Sulky and Revolving Horse Hay Rakes.

Palmer's Excelsior Horse Hay Hoisting Fork.

Palmer's Revolving Hay Stacking Machine.

Also, a full supply of Warranted Fresh and Genuine
GARDEN, GRASS & OTHER SEEDS, growth of 1864.

All of which we offer at the lowest possible CASH PRICES.

Call and get Illustrated Catalogue furnished Gratis.

St. Louis, Mo., May, 1865.

PLANT & BRO.